is never to die?—On folly, on ignorance, ſay ye—I ſhould bluſh indignantly at drawing the natural concluſion, could I infert it, and wiſh to withdraw myſelf from the wing of my God!—On ſuch a ſuppoſition, I ſpeak with reverence, he would be a conſuming fire. We ſhould wiſh, though vainly, to fly from his preſence when fear abſorbed love, and darkneſs involved all his counſels!

I know that many devout people boaſt of ſubmitting to the Will of God blindly, as to an arbitrary ſceptre or rod, on the ſame principle as the Indians worſhip the devil. In other words, like people in the common concerns of life, they do homage to power, and cringe under the foot that can cruſh them. Rational religion, on the contrary, is a ſubmiſſion to the will of a being ſo perfectly wiſe, that all he wills muſt be directed by the proper motive—muſt be reaſonable.

And, if thus we reſpect God, can we give credit to the myſterious inſinuations, which inſult his laws? can we believe, though it ſhould ſtare us in the face, that he would work a miracle to authorize confuſion by ſanctioning an error? Yet we muſt either allow theſe impious concluſions, or treat with

contempt every promiſe to reſtore health to a diſeaſed body by ſupernatural means, or to foretell the incidents that can only be foreſeen by God.

SECT. II.

ANOTHER inſtance of that feminine weakneſs of character, often produced by a confined education, is a romantic twiſt of the mind, which has been very properly termed *ſentimental*.

Women ſubjected by ignorance to their ſenſations, and only taught to look for happineſs in love, refine on ſenſual feelings, and adopt metaphyſical notions reſpecting that paſſion, which lead them ſhamefully to neglect the duties of life, and frequently in the midſt of theſe ſublime refinements they plump into actual vice.

Theſe are the women who are amuſed by the reveries of the ſtupid noveliſts, who, knowing little of human nature, work up ſtale tales, and deſcribe meretricious ſcenes, all retailed in a ſentimental jargon, which equally tend to corrupt the taſte, and draw the heart aſide